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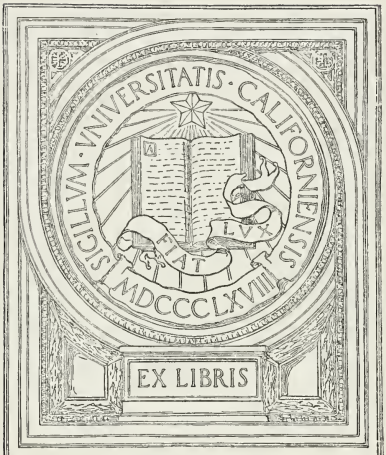
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NOT TRUE

What book will it?

WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

OR,

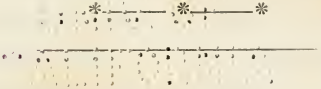
All our Glories;

A

POETICO-POLITICAL MORCEAU.

FRAGMENT I.

BY



" Curandum imprimis, ne magna injuria fiat *Fortibus et miseris*, tollas licet omne quod usquam est Auri atque argenti."—JUV.

" ——— Gens epulata *Toris*."—VIRG.

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PREFACE.

THOUGH I have no vote of my own, being of the number of those who are told by very grave authorities, that they are perfectly well represented in parliament by the members they *do not chuse;* yet as I have much pleasure in seeing an important duty faithfully discharged, I accompanied a friend, whose house is divided from mine by a partition half a brick thick, which separates and shuts me out from the *liberties* of Westminster, on his going to the hustings in Covent Garden at the late election, to give his *constitutional* and *conscientious* suffrage for the man of his unbiassed preference. I was

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returning highly pleased with the triumph of his reception, and regretting not a little the odious *party-wall* that excluded me from a participation in it, when in the act of disengaging myself from the joyous multitude, I was struck full in the front by a missile of some sort, but at the moment I could not distinguish what, whether a bunch of rosemary, or *mint*, or *rue*, or any of the other flowers of rhetoric with which the eloquence of these *periods* is so frequently illustrated, (and from which *the seeds of discontent are sometimes dropped* among the unthinking mob,) or one of the brick-bats or stones raked up from the plain of Petersfield, and rolled forward by the irresistible flood of my Lord C———h's overwhelming declamation, from the collision of which, unaccompanied with one scintilla of evidence, burst a flash of astonishment which electrified the house and nation. Something equally alarming, formid-

able, and portentous I judged it to be; but first impressions, as his Lordship will acknowledge, are often fallacious: so I found them. My consternation, like that of himself and his colleagues, soon vanished, and was succeeded by a sudden consciousness of shame and mortification at having been the easy dupe of my own credulity. No Ajacean rock, no quadrupedalian bludgeon, no *scarlet* dagger, not even a tuft of *celery* or *penny-royal*, no—on a nearer view of the object of my dismay, which had fallen at my feet, it appeared of quite a different, though somewhat equivocal complexion; a mere harmless piece of paper. After a short struggle between pride and inclination, indignation and curiosity, I stooped down to pick it up, and found it presented the appearance of a manuscript of considerable length, breadth, thickness and *depth*, and which from its colour, flavour, and other indications, (except that its

form, if indeed, reducible to any mathematical figure, was rather rhomboidal than cylindrical,) might have been presumed to have been purloined from among the relics of antiquity, which have lain so many years in the conservatory ovens of Pompeii. It was not, however, any such thing. I could clearly distinguish that the character was wholly English; and the first words that *struck* me on a second application, were: "What have we got? or, All our * * * " something, but as the leaf was itself *torn*, I could not make out the important word which stood next, and have indeed been obliged to supply it from conjecture. "What have we got indeed?" said I: "only some silly rhapsody, or dull election squib—some maiden speech of a batchelor of laws—or a new farce, called the School for Representatives—or another scene in the tragedy of the Magistrates Unmasked, got up for the opening of the house,

with new accompaniments and decorations, banners and recitative, and a prologue, invented, written, and spoken by the Earl of S——."

Perceiving from the few lines I was enabled to read, that the work seemed to run a good deal in the harmonical, ironical, Byronical, uncanonical manner, so much in vogue, I determined to take it home; and on receiving it from the hands of my valet, properly *decrotté*, purified and perfumed, I fell seriously to the task of scrutinising, decyphering and transcribing; for in its original state, however forcibly it had obtruded itself on my eyes, it was in no condition to meet those of the public —bearing as it did such indelible marks of the want of *purity* in our elections.

Fortunately for my own credit, and the welfare of the present generation, my endeavours

have been more decidedly expeditious, and more eminently successful in their issue, than those of the chemical antiquarian baronet himself, having brought to light a production of equal originality and brilliance, and superior interest and utility to any of those which have been dug from the scorched entrails of Vesuvius; a work, in the marrow of which my countrymen will, no doubt, find much more enticing food than in any of the hard-baked *rolls* of Herculaneum, or the whole granary of Portici. Whatever may be offered, or whatever I may be disposed to accept, there cannot be a doubt that the rank of Baron of the United Kingdom, with an adequate pension or appointment, is the very smallest reward my exertions can be thought to have merited. But I can assure my reader, I am much above any paltry views or considerations of private aggrandizement or pecuniary advantage; being on this, as

well as on all other trying occasions of this sort, actuated solely by the pure spirit of patriotism.

To return, however, to the work in question, so far from being torrified to a cinder, and charred with volcanic heat, it shines forth with all the lustre of Truth illuminated with the sparkling emanations of a *glowing* imagination, and may rival the splendour of the lamp of Aladdin, or that of Sir Humphrey himself. Endowed like the former with the power of spreading its luminous fascination over the dreariest objects, like the latter it is furnished with a precautionary grating of prudential bars, which prevent the dread of explosion among the dangerous damps and noxious exhalations of corruption, which are too frequently elicited in exploring the *richest* veins of the Constitution.

As the production of intelligence from mere cyphers, is at best a tedious process, attended with difficulty and labour, I trust I shall be readily excused for the shortness of this specimen. Whether my numerous and important avocations will admit of my continuing my researches, and imparting the fresh treasures of my discoveries, it is impossible for me at present to determine. At all events, I shall always feel proud of having rescued this "*beau morceau*" from oblivion.

Equally happy should I consider myself in doing as much for the author's name, a point on which the reader's curiosity is by this time, no doubt as forcibly excited as my own. But alas! it is one on which I can give him no satisfactory elucidation. I am but a humble editor, and, like others of the same class, know nothing of my

Author. If I did, I should most probably not be the editor at all.

After the strictest investigation, and the most extensive enquiries, pursued with unremitted diligence and indefatigable zeal among the numerous literary characters which I have had an opportunity of consulting, I must candidly confess I continue in the same state of *ignorance* as before. The incognito remains inviolate; there is a mystery hangs over it as thick as upon the deliberations of a cabinet council. All the approaches which the learned have been able to make towards *information* on this, as well as on so many other topics, are entirely of the *negative* kind. As thus, it cannot be my Lord A———, for the work contains no *sinecurism*; nor my Lord B———, nor Lady Y———, for it is void of infidelity; nor my Lord C——, as it is not *founded* upon hypotheses *fundamentally*

without *foundation;* nor Sir ——, as it professes nothing *chivalrous;* nor Mr. ———, the metaphysician, for the reasoning *is* conclusive; nor Mr. ——, the orator, because the language *is* grammatical; nor Mr. ———, the poet, because it *is not* prosaic :—*ainsi du reste;* and here the *delicate enquiry* must rest; it being left to the perspicacity of the reader to dive as far into the *impenetrable* secret, as his faculty of groping in the dark will enable him :—and he is hereby invested with full power and authority to take it from whomsoever he chuses, and to give it to whomsoever among the chief writers of this our day he thinks deserving of so great an honour. The satisfaction which readers individually will derive from such adjudications, though they may all be different, and all erroneous, will nevertheless form a sensible increment to the aggregate pleasure of the perusal. I shall therefore take

my leave, hoping that the reader unknown, and author unknown, will be equally happy in each other's acquaintance, and in order that party spirit may not interfere to disturb it, I shall just add this single observation, that our friend in disguise cannot be a tory, for he laughs at Lord L———; nor a whig, for he eulogises Lord C——; neither can he be from among the radicals, *de grege porcum;* 1st, because those gentlemen, notwithstanding the *harmony* of *their numbers,* have hitherto given no proofs of their *vis poetica,* whatever they may have done of their *vis inertiæ;* and, 2dly, because poets never reform, either themselves nor any body else.

WHAT HAVE WE GOT?

OR,

All our Glories.

I.

How strange the question one so often hears,
A question that creates no small sensation,
A question dinned so often in our ears,
What have we got?—in all our tribulation,
What staff of Hope? what crutch of Consolation?
What individually or as a nation?
Deluged with seas of blood and streams of tears,
From early infancy to riper years;
What have we got? Is still the exclamation:
Of all our woes what mighty mitigation?
Why—I'll inform you what we 've got—and so
What we have not—more easily you'll know.

II.

First then—we've got,—and let it not alarm ye,
Now that a time of the profoundest peace is,
With not one *mortal* enemy to harm ye,
And Janus has hid both his ugly faces;
We've got—the finest, prettiest standing Army
All covered o'er with laurels and gold laces:
Laces of *real gold*, I hope, since they
Cost us *nine million* pounds a year—they say.

III.

A navy too of gallant ships we've got,
No more out-thundering the roaring deep,
Nor wearing their smooth bottoms out,—(God wot!)
But on the smoother breast of Thames asleep
Or in the *Sound* a—breeding the *dry rot:*
Yet since the empire of the Seas they keep,
And *only* cost *four millions* to a tittle,———
'Tis much—you're going to say,—'tis much—too little

IV.

Then we've an Ordnance with its bouncing guns
  Lying so orderly in Woolwich Warren,
Pleading their services, like sturdy duns,
  Domestic services as well as foreign ;—
Some think their claim prodigiously outruns
  Their pay ; some it falls short by many a florin,
Costing us *but two* millions as I guess,
A few odd pounds and shillings more or less—!

V.

Variety we've got of wild romances,
  Causing too oft disorder in the brain ;
But the most admirable of our fancies,
  (Now we've done conquering France and Spain,
By treaties, subsidies, and alliances,)
Is the perplexity of our finances ;
  How we shall conquer that—is not so plain :
They saved the Country,—may they not undo it ?
Unless you pay your debt by adding to it.

VI.

Then we have got supplies called—miscellaneous,
Which no one *single head* can comprehend;
For services intrinsic and extraneous,
Some to an enemy,—some from a friend;
Some durable, and some but momentaneous;
Some without cause, and some *without an end.*—
Three small *half* millions satisfy the whole;
How many things we do *by halves* is droll.

VII.

A *Sinking fund* we have;—some think it real
Because the *funds* are sinking every day;
Some think it visionary and ideal,
Since they have lopt nine tenths of it away;
In one thing it is plain that we agree all,
New debts we make—the old we never pay.
This our *tutamen*, *decus*, and *Palladium*
Exit, like all our other schemes in *um.*

VIII.

We've got both ways and means exceeding various;
  Ways it is true that want a little mending;
But means unlimited and multifarious,
  The means of mortgaging and lending,
  For ever borrowing and never ending:
The means of paying are somewhat precarious,
  Still faster than we get our money, spending.
What Millions since we got into this way
This may have cost,—is difficult to say.—

IX.

A King we've got, oh! no, we had one!—most sagacious,
  And the long reignedest of all our stories,
The wisest, virtuousest, and most vivacious;
  And tho' his *whigs* somewhat obscure his glories,
By far the most veracious and tenacious
  And *gracious* too, according to *His tories:*
Who say, with their assistance, all his time
He govern'd quite as well as in his prime.

X.

On this, Opinions are diversely stated;
Some thinking his a vastly prosperous reign,
Others again, disastrous and ill fated:
Too ready we, to triumph or complain;
Still, with a few extravagancies bated
And fairly calculated loss and gain
We must allow,—but this without offence,
'Twas *truly great* in one thing—in expense.

XI.

No small advantage—since it gives the Minister
The means of recompencing the *deserving*,
And should a patriotic rogue or ninny stir
To prove how piteously the nation's starving,
He can extinguish all their croakings sinister
Whilst the rich loaves and fishes are a carving:
When mouths are opened in a hungry mood
The surest way to stop them—is with food.

XII.

To one small circumstance I here entreat your
Particular attention ; for I feel
Its vital import to the simplest creature
The least connected with the common weal:
I mean that prominent and ugly feature
For arbitrary power the intemperate zeal.
It has increased—and tho' one reign be finished
I fear it will increase—not be diminished.

XIII.

Dispute who may, yet every body knows,
At least all persons who believe their eyes,
That when one feature, why, suppose the nose
Beyond the ordinary standard size,
In useless disproportioned grandeur grows;
The other features cease to harmonize
And look like features in disgrace,
That is like *creatures out of place*,
Clear as the noses on our faces.
Indisputably clear the case is.

XIV.

So in the face political, we spy
That noble eminence we style a King,
Which as the nasal point we typify,
As the most prominent and foremost thing,
Which rising upwards, blinds the civil eye,
But downwards if it take too large a swing,
It then embarrasses the breathing quite,
And we can neither *eat* nor *drink*, nor *speak* nor *bite*.

XV.

And must we feed this preternatural growth
(Ah stubborn ministers will nothing bend 'em!)
Spread it from lip to lip, from north to south,
With a rapidity valde deflendum?
Till it dam up that *babbling* fount the mouth,
And strike our women, children, and our men dumb?
These problems now no more our statesmen puzzle,
When they the bear wou'd worry—first they muzzle.

XVI.

Oh! 'tis enough the swelling heart to break,
To think henceforth that neither you nor—more I
Our sentiments on politicks can speak,
For fear of an administrative tory;
Unless we wrap them up in Hebrew, Greek,
In witty parable or allegory:—
Our dernier resort and sole ad libitum
Malum perhaps per se—not yet—malum prohibitum—

XVII.

I like not these restrictions every day:
One looks so like a ministerial tool,
When to discover what to think or say,
Like C———g, one must trot to *Liverpool*,
Or asking counsel of Lord C————h,
Run greater risk of looking like a fool.
Tho' the advice of neither's worth a groat,
It seems they cannot be too dearly bought.

XVIII.

Yet down our throats it must be cramm'd en—
—tirely against the sense of meetings held on
Our wrongs and sufferings : Oh ! Illustrious Camden,
Which prompted thee to that which was so well done,
I doubt if 'twould be paralleled by Hampden,
And certainly it never will by Eldon ;
Our Bathursts, Addingtons, our Grenvilles, Ardens—
Our judges, counsellors, or Cinque Port wardens.

XIX.

Ye duller stars ! diminished digni—*ties*
Ye knights grand crosses, and ye knights of Pat ;—
Ye P—ls, ye P—les, ye P—lets, H—rr——bies—
All ye on fees of office who grow fat,
Sly Ari—stoc—*rats*, nibblers of the cheese
—parings—Hide, hide your heads, and think of—Pratt!
No not a name among ye rhymes to *that* :—
And this 'midst all your *bills* the only *Act*
Approved by any but yourselves in fact.

XX.

Come, gentlemen, and take a leaf out of his book,
Camden's Britan. *black letter*. No, that's not him,
'Tis for a *fairer character* you look,
Britannia's Camden. Take care not to blot him :
That's your right paper credit—get by hook
Or crook—and keep him when you've got him.
Many black points in your administration,
This the sole *point* (alas!) *of Admiration!!*

XXI.

We've got—I know not—have we got a queen?
And when we had one we were not contented,
Tho' in her life,—her *written life*, I mean
We see how grievously she is lamented,
And since her death 't has *visibly* been seen
In those by whom the drawing room's frequented.—
How evident it is she must be dear:—
She cost one hundred thousand pounds a year!

XXII.

What a poor dowry! what a bagatelle!
For the first female of her *age* and realm,
Compelled to live so sumptuously and well,
And seated near the tiller of the helm
That guides the vessel of the state, when swel—
—ling tempests threaten to o'erwhelm.
The most important service to a nation
Not always meets with due remuneration!!

XXIII.

Yet if a princess when she first begins
Is once magnificently set in jewels,
'Tis a round sum, methinks, to buy her pins
And of lace, lutestrings, lappetings, a few ells:
But then she had, Sir! to maintain her kins—
—folk, and support the honour of our ruelles.
'Tis hard to hit such matters to a tittle,
I only wonder how they vote so little.—

XXIV.

Surprising 'tis, say authors who crayon her
Exalted virtues, and her due acquittance
Of every grace,—With such demands upon her
How she at each fond call cou'd make remittance,
Uphold her royal dignity and honour,
And all on such a miserable pittance.—
Some dreaded, tho' her daughters went so garish
She must at last have come upon the parish.

XXV.

Further on this superfluous to insist is,
Such proofs of raggedness she left behind
Of which so long and accurate a list is,
(Containing some of most convincing kind,)
Preserved by all who purchased them at Christie's;
Tho' what they *brought* I cannot *bring* to mind:
And those who have these records may well spare 'em
To bind up with the other Acta Reginarum.—

XXVI.

To her, her Daughters' piety is placed,
From filial duty never known to flinch,
Tho' in their brothers' breasts it seemed effaced:
Fine Princesses, Imperial, every inch!
And if their little stomachs they would pinch
'Twas from the hopes of having a less *waist*.
These *pressures* on the high, there is no harm in;
The *pressures* on the low are more alarming.

XXVII.

And yet, they've not escaped some *small* privation
Duly proportion'd to their mental powers:
The sufferings of the great by estimation
Appear much greater sufferings than ours.
What's a neck broken in a humble station!—
But a slight scratch, a *simple dislocation*
To one of royal birth! why—in two hours
One half the nation's called to pull it in,
The other half to gaze upon the *Bullet—in*.

XXVIII.

Afflictions some, they had at Windsor sore,
Nor were they *cured* although they had their *Kew*,
At Palace of St. James's some they bore
And at the Gate of Buckingham a few;
Many at ————, many at Frogmore.
And when a transitory joy in view,
In *breathless* haste they often had to snatch it;
An *airing* p'rhaps to Maidenhead or Datchet.

XXIX.

What if the boorish neighbourhood wou'd scoff!
'Twas sweet to see them, when the day was fine,
Driven to matins at St. George's shrine
With Ladies Elgin, Finch, or Wooronzoff,
Looking so grave, when Charlotte used to cough,
Like the curled tendrils round the Hampton vine:
But then so late in life they married off
Extinctions threatened to the female line.
Ye subject maids beware! For this was wrong:
E'en on a Royal Branch ripe fruit may hang *too long*.

XXX.

Their names were like their modest faces, pretty,
And like their actions useful—for they fill'd a
Great vacuum in the *Post:* The more's the pity
We shou'd forget Sophi, Mary, Matilda:—
Brilliant appellatives in court and city!
Although unknown in *Sky* and in St. Kilda,
Where some inhabitants (as I have heard,)
Live still in happy ignorance of George the Third.

XXXI.

Oh what a pleasant sight to see the entry
Of a queen consort on her stall regalis!
What concourse of nobility and gentry!
What pomp magnifical and triumphalis!
Here a duke standing—there a duchess—centry,
A spiritual lord here, there a temporalis!
Ten snowy-vested virgins to sustain
Full twice ten ermined ells of purple train;
—When shall we look upon the like *again!*

XXXII.

Pray have you ever seen a coronation?
How eagerly men run to gaze upon it?
Seen fifty thousand pates in agitation,
Without a single hat, or cap, or bonnet?
Much I fear not; for in our generation
Only two heads with us have undergone it;
And few eye-witnesses can now remember
The memorable twenty-second of September.

XXXIII.

That day the Sun of Britain, I *am told*,
Gilded the noblest show he ever saw;
Marshals, Field-marshals, *bravely drest* and bold;
The *Whigs* of Parliament, and *wigs* of Law;
Bishops and fiddlers, in black, silk, and gold,
Hard to conceive, and difficult to draw:—
And then such peeping from the upper stories
To see the King and Queen in all *their* glories.

XXXIV.

The military ranged in spruce array
The populace at intervals belabours;
Not cut and thrust by order, dash away
And trample on their friends, as now-a-day,
But with the flat side of their rusty sabres;
Nor were men sent with broken heads away
For *meeting on a Monday with a tabor;*
Nor had the minister then learnt to *tremble*
Merely at seeing his *dear* countrymen assemble.

XXXV.

Our Constitution every day grows weaker,
Debilitated, nervous, and hysteric;
So Constitutions do, says a great speaker,
When they approach their grandest climacteric:
Soon past recovery, (adds he,) if you seek her
Cure in the nostrums of your state empyric,
Who for a slight eruption on her skin
Cuts at the vitals—slash thro' thick and thin.

XXXVI.

No murderous blades upon that day were used
  Save carvers that beseemed the lordly feast:
Nor was the King's Bench, nor his court abused
  By any growling demagogue at least;
For there his Majesty himself caroused
  In wassail pomp with prelate, peer and priest:
There on allegiance banqueted and smiles,
The happiest monarch of the happiest Isles.

XXXVII.

Britain, that day, put forth the proudest boast
  The treasury of her *native* charms supplies,
  No doubt her *native* sovereign to surprize;
And beauty summoned her resistless host
  To ply the artillery of blazing eyes;
Hibernian, Scottish, but the English most
  In dexterous archery, bore away the prize.
How cou'd I say there was no murderous deed,
When at each shot some stricken *heart* would bleed—

XXXVIII.

There was the pert, the pettish, pouting air,
The lily forehead, and the lip of ruby;
The amber, auburn, and the flaxen hair,
The black, the bright, the nut-brown, and the fair;
The neck of Spencer, and the breast of Scrooby;
My Ladies Sutherland, Kilmore, Kildare,
Pembroke and Bolingbroke: ah! such a pair
As, or at Paphos or St. James's, few be.—
Such stratagems, masqued batteries and alarms!
Such ambuscades and sharp-shooters in swarms!

XXXIX.

The various artifices we are spared,
And tackle feminine with which they angled;
Some in a languishing complexion snared,
Some in a cunning mesh of hair entangled.
Some by a side-long glance caught unprepared,
And some on engines hooked and lines new-fangled;
Or simply by a blush-tinged cheek betray'd,
Or a dove's-breast, or blush-coloured brocade.

XL.

Such strain suits best the Windsor Muse or Grongar:
The sportive wiles of love-inspiring maids.—
Where are ye now? Fair maids, I fear no longer,
The weak, alas! descended to the shades,
Or else to aunts and mothers turned: the stronger
As great—great—grandams see their lustre fades;
Their *portraits* dangling high in Brokers' Row;
Their meagre *frames* in chimney corners crouching low.

XLI.

What eye that looks upon you can believe it,
That once ye were so handsome, young, and gay;
There it finds every thing that may deceive it,
Nothing to flatter, every thing to grieve it;
The pearls, the rubies, sapphires, torn away;
No rose is there—no lily to relieve it,
The raven locks are bleached to raven grey!
The snows of Spring are from those bosoms melted
By Winter's frosty blasts and tippets *pelted*.

XLII.

Oh! I could weep my very eyes to brine,
To think those charms on which I fondly dwell,
The soul's bright mirror, sanctuary and shrine,
Day after day, by a resistless spell,
Glow with soft fires that slowly undermine
And symptoms of their own decay foretell!
As ponent stars seem quenched in ocean's boundless grave
So sink those eyes in time's immeasurable wave!

XLIII.

Emerge ye only from the womb of night,
To fill the mind with rapture and regret!
Ye courts and glittering minarets of sight,
Ye orbs of crystal and ye rings of jet;
Mansions of bliss and fountains of delight!
Pole stars of happiness soon must ye set!
Parched at the source, your streams of light run dry,
And in those radiant chambers darkness lie

XLIV.

——The functions of a Queen are not forgot,
Nor her defunction and lamented exit :—
Dark sides there are to the most splendid lot;
Poor Majesty! how many things to vex it!
But trifles these—to those in state who rot
Under the gilded epitaph of—rexit!
What troubles will men live, reproach and scoff in,
In hopes to write five letters on their coffin!

XLV.

Infatuation in that word we own,
Yet busy vanity goes on to trace it,
Whilst the obdurate hand of time is shown,
From hour to hour, as busy to erase it,
And quickly from the dull and senseless stone
Rubs off your shallow short—" hic jacet."
Futile attempt! vain mortals and absurd!
For Death is one who will have the last word.

XLVI.

Well, after all, now her dear head's at rest,
She was the truest, carefullest and best,—
(Poets and Princes love superlatives,)
The chastest, prudentest, it is confest,
The first of regnant women, pregnant wives :—
And why her children were not in their lives
The dutifullest too cannot be guest ;
Nor why they should have left so good a mother,
When they cou'd never hope for such another.

XLVII.

We've got into another reign, 'tis true,
But have we thus got out of our distresses ?
What *boots* it to cast off a worn out shoe
Squeezing our gouty feet into a new :
Which harder wrings the wretched *soles* and presses,
Tho' polished up and smarter to the view,
And cut somewhat more fashionably too ;
When it brings on, as every one confesses,
Complaints most complicated in the wearing,
As much past remedy, as they're past *B—ring*.

XLVIII.

—Then we have got a fast increasing brood,
Which from her cares maternal we inherit,
For which we ought to show *more* gratitude,
Princes and Princesses of such vast merit,
With every *noble* principle endued
So full of gallantry and royal spirit;
By night and day assiduous in their calling,
To prop the tottering house of Hanover from falling.

XLIX.

How happy for the coming generation!
Princes whose qualities we magnify,
Exert their utmost power of calculation
The wants of future ages to supply;
Proficients long in simple numeration,
Begin at last to learn to *multiply:*
So that in time our rulers we may see,
Not rulers by the rule of *false* but rule *of three.*

L.

Now, the perversest, sourest, and most tetrical
Of all our crabbed reasoners employs,
To mark that force occult, the vis obstetrical,
(Whence the great increase of our girls and boys,)
The well known reason, ratio geometrical;
This reason 'tis allow'd a prince enjoys:
So that hereafter, if we want such things
Nothing will be more plentiful than Kings.

LI.

Rabbits some chuse or mice or other vermin
To exemplify the powers and rates of breeding;
As politician I should much prefer men,
If not so much more difficult in feeding.—
In all, there seems sufficient to deter men
From letting go the checks to their exceeding
By Nature tied; and tho' we think it cross of her
To bind—we find—she is the best Philosopher.

LII.

Strong is her argument, and well convinces,
And not alone confined to moles and rats.
But mounts to Princes' hares and hare-brained Princes,
And all she gifts with power of raising brats:
Her rules are absolute—she never minces
Matters, to favor Kings or democrats.
But Kings are stronger far than we—what then?
They need much stronger cheeks than common men.

LIII.

These cheek-strings which we talk of, are the laws,
Whether by Nature woven or by man;
But Kings have piercing eyes to see their flaws,
Much keener than the herd republican;
And sharper and more formidable claws
With which they tear their fetters—when they can:
Tho' struggling hard their ligatures to loose,
Sometimes—they get their *necks* into the *noose*.

LIV.

This is a dire calamity—Some tell us,
  Others declare it is a useful lesson ;
As, of their liberties they are more jealous,
  Or laying the prerogative most stress on,
Are for their Country, less than Monarch, zealous,
  'Tis a moot point—and difficult to guess, on
Which side you are ;—so much are men divided
Altho' it has been more than once decided.

LV.

Now all our best logicians are agreed,
  A bouncing argument that proves too much,
A double barrelled argument indeed,
  Like two-edged sword, is hazardous to touch ;
And potentates have often been decreed
  To find their ratiocinations such :
The King is strong—but some affect forsooth
To know a stronger thing—and that is TRUTH.

LVI.

O Verité suprême et eternelle!
Who lovest not with Majesty to dwell;
  Thou soarest o'er the most exalted throne;
Yet oft the humbler wise, in shady dell
  Cottaged in brown obscurity wilt own,
Where mild Philosophy has sunk her cell
  And world-sick Contemplation sits alone,
With inward opticks patiently exploring
The moral theorem and its cause adoring.—

LVII.

When will thy life-irradiating gleam
  Steal inward on the pall'd and sickly sense
Of Pride, entranced in Folly's giddy dream,
  Purge the thick film of prejudice and dense,
Light up the soul with thy serener beam
  And chace the opacous mists of ignorance thence?
Mists that obstruct the cheering heavenly ray,
And from the mind's dimmed windows shut the day.

LVIII.

Virtues, exotic green-house plants are, (so say
Our ethick writers;) and their blossoms vernal,
As sensitive as buds of the mimosa,
Besides nocturnal care and care diurnal,
Require, within their canopy *umbrosa*
Light from without as well as warmth internal:—
And from whatever point that light's discerned,
That way, their little pliant heads are turned.

LXIX.

Then if the head contract a twist too strong,
From dazzling ray of wealth or power fantastic,
Preferment, patronage, or right or wrong,
'Twill till the dying moment often fast stick.
Enough examples of this class belong
To Civil Corps and Corps ecclesiastic.—
Wish you distortions of this sort to find,
Go and investigate the human mind.—

LX.

Go and investigate * * * * *
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